THE NATION

FEBRUARY 4, 1961 . . 25c

EQUALITY NOW

The President Has the Power

MARTIN LUTHER KING, Jr.

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LETTERS

Automation Overrated?

Dear Sirs: Being deeply involved in one corner of the field discussed in "Three Myths of Automation" by Charles C. Killingsworth (issue of December 17), I would like to comment briefly on some of his statements and conclusions.

Our company was responsible for the computer installation mentioned by Mr. Killingsworth as controlling "completely" the Texaco refinery at Port Arthur. Production from the unit in which the computer has been installed is less than 1 per cent of the total refinery production. Automation of this unit bears about the same relationship to automating the refinery that supplying a housewife with an automatic washing machine bears to automating a home. . . . Although the computer system does operate better than the previous control system, the improvement has been less than spectacular. . . . Finally, no human operators were replaced; in fact, we have supplied a maintenance man to Texaco under a service contract. In this sense, the installation can be said to have created a job.

I would like to comment on one or two of Professor Killingsworth's conclusions. In the chemical and petroleum industries, automatic-control devices are already in widespread use, and labor requirements have been reduced to a practical minimum. In these industries, where nearly all of our computers have been installed, the objective has been increased production, reduced raw-material or energy costs, or better control and quality. Manpower savings have not been claimed in any of our proposals and, so far as I know, no men have lost their jobs where a computer has been installed. As already suggested, my associates and I owe our jobs to this new activity.

With respect to upgrading of the labor force, three effects have been noticed. Companies installing process-control computers have had to train engineers in the art of computer programing. Process operators have had to master a new book of instructions for dealing with routine and emergency situations; operators who cannot read, and some can't, may indeed require education or relocation. Engineers who plan these systems, whether they work for a user or a computer manufacturer, have been forced to build on their basic training into new areas of mathematics and engineering.

Automation spans so many fields that it is difficult for one person to comprehend them all. Conditions in the chemical and petroleum industries may well be unique. However, I suspect that some "viewing with alarm" may be in order, and I would like to see it based on as accurate an understanding of the facts as possible.

THOMAS M. STOUT
T R W Computers Company

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Dear Sirs: (1) Of course, I did not mean to imply that all of the diverse operations in the refinery complex at Port Arthur are controlled by a computer. If any reader got that impression, I am glad to have Mr. Stout correct it.

(2) Mr. Stout is surprisingly modest about the abilities of his Port Arthur computer. It analyzes the operation of the whole complicated process under its control, calculates the adjustments needed for optimum operation, resets the controls and checks its calculations —every five minutes! Mr. Stout would agree, I am sure, that human operators cannot match that performance.

(3) I understand that, before the installation of the computer, three men per shift were needed to operate the unit. They no longer operate it; the computer does. In that sense, they have been "replaced," even though other jobs may have been found for them.

Some of Mr. Stout's other points relate to substantive matters of considerable importance. One is the employment impact of automation. It is true that the petroleum and chemical industries had a great deal of automation before the word was even invented. It is no doubt true that today manpower savings are rarely the major consideration in further automation. Yet production-worker employment in these industries is still shrinking. . . . The phenomenon of shrinking production-worker employment and rising production, which is observable in many industries, today, is undoubtedly due in part to automation.

My article stated that "... *generally speaking*, the jobs that remain [after an operation has been automated] do not seem to have a markedly higher skill content." Mr. Stout points out some examples from his own experience that are somewhat inconsistent with this generalization. I believe, however, that the generalization is an accurate characterization of the broad trend revealed in dozens of published case studies by a large number of researchers working independently in a variety of industries.

I agree with Mr. Stout that it is important to avoid exaggeration when discussing the prospects for automation. I think it is also important to avoid the opposite—i. e., undue minimization of the prospects and problems. Frankly, many industry spokesmen have tended to emphasize the latter approach. A refreshing thing about Mr. Stout's letter is that his approach appears to be non-doctrinaire, and he seems willing to consider the possibility that automation may create some real problems as well as benefits. . . .

CHARLES C. KILLINGSWORTH

East Lansing, Mich.

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Style or Substance?

In any large bureaucratic organization, changes of policy are frequently foreshadowed by changes in the style of executive leadership. If the style demonstrated by President Kennedy at his first press conference proves to be a harbinger of things to come, then *The Nation* may soon be able to voice that "third cheer" for him which we withheld during the campaign. To begin with, there was the almost complete absence of the familiar "anti-Communist" rhetoric, except for a mild echo in the twice-repeated reference to "the enemy" by way of designating a nation with which we have formal diplomatic relations, mutual exchange programs, etc. The reference was unfortunate but, in the context, either inadvertent or responsive to the form in which the question was put.

More important than the absence of "anti-Communist" billingsgate, however, was the clear impression conveyed by the President that he is anxious to improve relations and reduce tensions. The brisk reference to a free, independent, uncommitted Laos "not dominated by either side" will no doubt come as quite a shock to C. I. A. personnel and to Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs J. Graham Parsons, whose role in Laos is discussed on the next page. So, too, the President's announcement of stepped-up aid to the Congo was in the spirit of his excellent Inaugural Address; it was made clear that aid was not being increased as a cold-war tactic. Similarly, in his reference to the possibility of allocating surplus food to China, the President made it clear that we would consider the matter only on the basis of need following a request and not as a propaganda gesture (the late John Foster Dulles would have answered the same question with a twenty-minute harangue on the evil ways of the Chinese Reds). While the President's comments about civil rights and proposals to enlarge the Rules Committee were mild and meager, he left little doubt as to his own attitude.

In the field of foreign affairs, even more striking than the announcement that "neutralism" was no longer an abnoxious concept, was the casual manner in which the President offered indirect encouragement to our neighbors to the south — in the Caribbean, Central and South America — to replace obsolete, semi-feudal social structures with something more modern and functional. No such bland encouragement to social change, even revolutionary change, has been voiced by an American President in our time. If this alteration in style does in fact foreshadow a change in substance — and there is reason to believe it does — then *The Nation* will voice that belated third cheer with appropriate vigor.

Piracy on the High Seas

The bloody pirate who seized the proud Portuguese cruise liner *Santa Maria* is not unknown in the United States, at least to *Nation* readers. *Nation* biographical sketches of authors are usually no more than two or three lines, but in the biographical note to an article in the issue of January 9, 1960, Henrique Galvao is described as a "distinguished Portuguese historian and novelist [who] formerly served the Salazar regime as Chief Inspector for Overseas Territories. Jailed by Salazar in 1951 for a report he prepared on contract-labor abuses in Angola, he was tried in 1958 and sentenced to sixteen years' imprisonment. He managed to escape to the Argentine Embassy in Lisbon and was subsequently given sanctuary in Argentina. He now lives in Venezuela." The tone contrasts somewhat with that of the account in the New York *Herald Tribune* of January 25, which begins, "The master *pro tem* of the Portuguese liner *Santa Maria* is a hawk-faced revolutionary convicted three times for trying to overthrow Premier Antonio de Olveira Salazar."

Anyone who cares to look up the *Nation* article will also discover that, as the phrase goes, Galvao writes like a house on fire. He describes Salazar's dictatorship as one which, "under the guise of 'paternalism,' has robbed [the Portuguese people] of their fundamental

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liberties, degraded them to the status of a flock herded by police, sterilized them in spirit, and kept one-fifth of them in hunger and sickness." Of the dictator himself, Galvao says that Salazar admired Mussolini but, lacking the color and *élan* to imitate him, "decided upon a mask which would least contradict certain personal traits, such as his tendency toward misogyny, his position as an objective professor of economics, and his vaunted, albeit Tartuffean, Catholic faith."

The seizure of the *Santa Maria* has its comical aspects. We are, after all, a nation which secured and maintained its liberty with the aid of privateers to whom we raised plaques and monuments, but who seemed more like pirates to our enemies. If George III was a tyrant, the Fascist Salazar is doubly one, and a little political sophistication might save us from carrying our inconsistencies to the point of burlesque. Then there is the "defense" angle. The Caribbean is, of course, our *mare nostrum*, and others ply its waters at our sufferance. The *Santa Maria* was seized on a Sunday. Scorning to maintain radio silence, she held long communications with the Radio Corporation marine station at Chatham, Mass., on a frequency of 12.495 megacycles, to which anyone who possesses a short-wave receiver can tune. The U.S. Navy, as is well known, can locate a belaying pin sunk five thousand fathoms deep, but not until late Wednesday could we locate the 21,000-ton *Santa Maria*. Asked why the delay, a spokesman for the Navy said they could have got a "fix" had they known when Chatham was talking to the *Santa Maria*, a bit of information which was apparently beyond the powers of the Navy to discover. One of the British frigates which was dispatched to avenge Her Majesty's staunch ally was equally unlucky; shortly after she began her search she ran out of fuel.

A cynic might suspect that, on second thoughts, the armadas of the freedom-loving nations were not too eager to intercept the errant vessel. If they did catch up with her, and Galvao refused to halt, what would they do? Sink her with 600 passengers aboard? And what of the precedent that seizure might establish? Would either the British or the American Navy be disposed to seize a Soviet or Soviet-bloc vessel should the crew decide to make a dash for liberty?

Why Not Try Leaving Them Alone?

From Vientiane, Keyes Beech of the Chicago *Daily News* Service continues to send subversive diagnoses of a painful situation. When the history is written, he says, the United States is foreordained to be the villain of the Laotian drama. The United States came to Laos, bloated with money, and further corrupted an already corrupt government. It created a whole new class of millionaires. Then it shoved the French aside (and are the French sore!), bringing in soldiers in slacks and sport shirts to teach the Laotians how to fight with the American arms which were so lavishly supplied. The United States spent $320 million exclusive of military hardware, five-sixths of the cash on an Army which, Beech says with more truth than charity, "couldn't fight its way out of a pillow case." So Laos was saved from communism.

And the United States did it all by itself. Not one of America's Western allies—Britain, France and Australia included—wanted to overthrow the neutralist Premier, Prince Souvanna Phouma. And, to narrow it down further, it wasn't the United States, but J. Graham Parsons, our Assistant Secretary for Far Eastern Affairs. Parsons overruled our Ambassador, Winthrop G. Brown, who recommended going along with Souvanna Phouma.

Underlying the whole debacle is the theory and definition of neutrality. The Laotians, like other peoples in many parts of the world, want to be neutral. But neutrality involves dealing with Communists as well as anti-Communists. Not, however, in the Parsons lexicon. Parsons adheres to the John Foster Dulles definition, which is that he who is not for us is against us; neutrality, as Dulles said, is immoral.

Beech quotes an American official in Laos: "We've tried every alternative here but one." "What's that?" somebody asked. "Leaving them alone," replied the official. Maybe he can get a telephone line to Dean Rusk.

On Expelling Clerics

In the past two months, the dictator of a Caribbean country has expelled an archbishop without allowing him to pack; arrested another bishop in his bed and expelled him without his dentures, and arrested and expelled priests at random. Have there been mass meetings in the United States? Bristling editorials? Denunciations in Congress? Curiously, no. Could it be no one is interested in such Caribbean vagaries unless the scene is Cuba (instead of Haiti) and the dictator Castro (instead of Duvalier)?

Featherbedding vs. Job Security

In New York, 664 tugboat crewmen went on strike against their employers, eleven railroads, who wanted to eliminate some sixty jobs on the tugs. The tugmen weren't doing so well in the labor dispute, when somebody had the bright thought of picketing not only the docks, but the railroad terminals and yards, in particular those of the New York Central and New Haven roads. The rail brotherhoods, who are afraid of technological unemployment themselves, refused to cross the picket lines. The suburban trains ground to a halt, followed by long-distance trains. One hundred thousand

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commuters were stranded. Many of them were vocal in their indignation, and those who were not found a voice in Richard Starnes, a columnist for the *New York World-Telegram*. ". . . We have taken leave of the era of the boob," wrote Starnes, "and are well into the era of the slob." A few inches down the column he began frothing at the mouth. A "comparative handful of Tugboat Annie's spawn," he declaimed, had done their best to paralyze the nation's greatest city. Harbor draymen! Scow pilots! A fortnight of blackmail! A naked, obscene struggle for power! Aside from the epithets, the theme was that "ordinary decent people were getting damned sick and tired of being pushed around as pawns in a cynical game that did not concern them. . . ."

The Nation sympathizes with the commuters, but the idea that they were innocent bystanders in a power struggle of no concern to them is wide of the mark. The power struggle was waged by the railroads as well as by the unions. And the union members had something at stake, just as the commuters did. The commuters wanted to ride the trains, and the strikers wanted to stay on a payroll. What is featherbedding to the railroads is job security and keeping off relief for the men. If a technologically displaced worker could go around the corner to another job, that would be fine. But there are now 5,500,000 unemployed and the total is rising. A job is still the most precious possession of many an American. Next time they curse the strikers or let Starnes curse for them, let the commuters think of that.

How To Win At Blackjack

Computer technology, among its other wondrous achievements, may be the way to put a stop to organized gambling. Dr. Edward O. Thorp of M.I.T., in a paper presented at this year's annual meeting of the American Mathematical Society, reports success in devising a system on "how to win at blackjack" which has stood up under rigorous testing. Commenting on the paper, a spokesman for the society said: "If this should get out among the general public, it will necessitate changing the rules at the gambling tables at Las Vegas." Across the continent, in Los Angeles, another computer expert has devised a system for betting on races which threatens horse-players from coast to coast with technological unemployment. The bettor simply feeds into the machine such data as how the horse did in its last race, the maximum number of lengths it has trailed in a race, its number of wins, etc., and, with tubes aglow, the computer reckons the odds with scientific precision. That such systems are quite feasible will not be doubted by those who read Dr. John G. Kemeny's article in *The Nation* of January 21 ("Games of Life and Death"). Computer systems will not, of course, dampen the enthusiasm of bettors, but the machines may give the suckers a break.

From another quarter comes unhappy tidings for the racketeers who control organized gambling. The State Investigation Commission in New York has discovered that despite elaborate safeguards written into the legislation which authorizes and "regulates" bingo — a game which is supposed to be run only by religious, charitable and other non-profit organizations for worthy causes — professional gamblers have moved in on the $25-$30 million yearly play. The notion that the answer to the problem of gambling is to legalize it dies slowly; it is almost impervious to reason or demonstration (see: "Gambling, Inc.," by Fred J. Cook, *The Nation*, October 22, 1960). But the bingo scandal, still in its unfolding phase, may yet shake public confidence in this popular fallacy.

THE PRESIDENT HAS THE POWER

EQUALITY NOW . . *by Martin Luther King, Jr.*

THE NEW Administration has the opportunity to be the first in one hundred years of American history to adopt a radically new approach to the question of civil rights. It must begin, however, with the firm conviction that the principle is no longer in doubt. The day is past for tolerating vicious and inhuman opposition on a subject which determines the lives of 20,000,000 Americans. We are no longer discussing the wisdom of democracy over monarchism—and we would not permit hoodlum royalists to terrorize the streets of our major cities or the legislative halls of our states. We must decide that in a new era, there must be new thinking. If we fail to make this positive decision, an awakening world will conclude that we have become a fossil nation, morally and politically; and no floods of refrigerators, automobiles or color TV sets will rejuvenate our image.

The second element in a new ap-

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proach is the recognition by the federal government that it has sufficient power at its disposal to guide us through the changes ahead. The intolerably slow pace of civil rights is due at least as much to the limits which the federal government has imposed on its own actions as it is to the actions of the segregationist opposition.

If we examine the total of all judicial, executive and legislative acts of the past three decades and balance them against the sum needed to achieve fundamental change, two startling conclusions are inescapable. The first is the hopeless inadequacy of measures adopted—pitifully insufficient in scope and limited in conception. The second conclusion is even more disturbing. Federal action has been not only inadequate; viewed as a whole, it has also been self-nullifying. In 1954, the Supreme Court declared school segregation to be unconstitutional. Yet, since then federal executive agencies and vast federal legislative programs have given millions of dollars yearly to educational institutions which continue to violate the Supreme Court decision.

FURTHER, the federal government collects taxes from all citizens, Negro and white, which it is Constitutionally obligated to use for the benefit of all; yet, billions of these tax dollars have gone to support housing programs and hospital and airport construction in which discrimination is an open and notorious practice. Private firms which either totally exclude Negroes from the work force, or place them in discriminatory status, receive billions of dollars annually in government contracts. The federal government permits elections and seats representatives in its legislative chambers in disregard of the fact that millions of Negro citizens have no vote. It directly employs millions in its various agencies and departments; yet its employment practices, especially in Southern states, are rife with discrimination.

These illustrations can be multiplied many times. The shocking fact is that while the government moves sluggishly, and in patchwork fashion, to achieve equal rights for all citizens, in the daily conduct of its own massive economic and social activities it participates directly and indirectly in the denial of these rights. We must face the tragic fact that the federal government is the nation's highest investor in segregation.

Therefore, a primary goal of a well-meaning Administration should be a thorough examination of its own operations and the development of a rigorous program to wipe out immediately every vestige of federal support and sponsorship of discrimination. Such a program would serve not only to attack the problem centrally, where results can be produced, but collaterally to educate and influence the whole American populace, especially in the Deep South of massive resistance. It would also be the first step in the evolution of federal leadership to guide the entire nation to its new democratic goals.

THERE is impressive precedent in recent history for massive governmental mobilization to create new conditions. As a consequence of economic crisis in the early thirties, the federal government, under the leadership of President Kennedy's party, undertook to change fundamental economic relationships. Every person in the nation was affected. In a bewilderingly brief period, wages were regulated at new levels, unemployment insurance created, relief agencies set up, public works planned and executed. Regulatory legislation covering banking, the stock market and money market was immediately enacted. Laws protecting trade-union organization were brought into being and administrative agencies to interpret and enforce the labor laws were created. Along with this broad assault on the depression went an educational campaign to facilitate the changes in public psychology requisite to the acceptance of such formidable alternatives to old thought patterns. The nation which five years earlier viewed federal intervention on any level as collectivism or socialism, in amazingly swift transition, supported the new role of government as appropriate and justified.

These breathtaking, fundamental changes took place because a leadership emerged that was both determined and bold, that rejected inhibitions imposed by old traditions and habits. It utilized all agencies and organs of government in a massive drive to change a situation which imperiled the very existence of our society.

Viewed in this light, an Administration with good will, sincerely desirous of eliminating discrimination from American life, could accomplish its goal by mobilizing the immense resources of the organs of government and throwing them into every area where the problem appears. There are at least three vital areas in which the President can work to bring about effective solutions.

First, there is the legislative area. The President could take the offensive, despite Southern opposition, by fighting for a really far-reaching legislative program. With resolute Presidential leadership, a majority in both houses could be persuaded to pass meaningful laws. A determined majority-party leadership possesses the means to carry the reluctant along —and to hasten the end of the political careers, or the privileges, of those who prove unyielding. The influence the President can exert upon Congress when, with crusading zeal, he summons support from the nation has been demonstrated more than once in the past.

AN EXAMPLE of an area in which a vigorous President could significantly influence Congress is that of voter registration. The Civil Rights Commission has revealed that "many Negro American citizens find it difficult, and often impossible, to vote." It went on to assert that these voting denials are accomplished through the creation of legal impediments, administrative obstacles and the fear of economic reprisal and physical harm. A truly decisive President would work passionately and unrelentingly to change these shameful conditions. He would take such a creative general proposal as that made by the Civil Rights Commission of 1959 on Federal Registrars to insure the right to vote, and would campaign "on the Hill" and across the nation until Congress acted. He would also have the courage to insist that, in compliance with the Fourteenth Amendment, a state's

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representation in Congress be reduced in proportion to the number of citizens denied the right to vote because of race [see "Forgotten Remedy for the Voteless Negro," by Thomas I. Emerson and Arthur E. Bonfield, *The Nation*, January 21].

This approach would help us eliminate the defeatist psychology engendered by the alliance of Dixiecrats and Northern reactionaries in Congress. The same alliance, existing in even greater strength, failed in the past to stop legislation that altered patterns just as deeply imbedded in American mores as racial discrimination. It is leadership and determination that counts—and these have been lacking of recent years.

A SECOND area in which the President can make a significant contribution toward the elimination of racial discrimination is that of moral persuasion. The President is the embodiment of the democratic personality of the nation, both domestically and internationally. His own personal conduct influences and educates. If he were to make it known that he would not participate in any activities in which segregation exists, he would set a clear example for Americans everywhere, of every age, on a simple, easily understood level.

The calling of White House conferences of Negro and white leaders could be extremely useful. The President could serve the great purpose of opening the channels of communication between the races. Many white Southerners who, for various reasons, fear to meet with Negro leaders in their own communities would participate unhesitatingly in a biracial conference called by the President.

It is appropriate to note here that, even in the hard core South, a small but growing number of whites are breaking with the old order. These people believe in the morality as well as the Constitutionality of integration. Their still, small voices often go unheard amid the louder shouts of defiance, but they are active in the field. They often face problems of ostracism and isolation as a result of their stand. Their isolation and difficulties would be lessened if they were among the invitees to the White House to participate in a conference on desegregation.

Herblock in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"Pardner, this country isn't big enough for both of us."

No effort to list the President's opportunities to use the prestige of his office to further civil rights could be adequate; from fireside chats to appearances at major events, the list is endless. All that is needed at the outset is a firm resolve to make the Presidency a weapon for this democratic objective; the opportunities would then arise by themselves.

BUT BEYOND the legislative area and the employment of Presidential prestige, a weapon of overwhelming significance lies in the Executive itself. It is no exaggeration to say that the President could give segregation its death blow through a stroke of the pen. The power inherent in Executive orders has never been exploited; its use in recent years has been microscopic in scope and timid in conception.

Historically, the Executive has promulgated orders of extraordinary range and significance. The Emancipation Proclamation was an Executive order. The integration of the Armed Forces grew out of President Truman's Executive Order 8891. Executive orders could require the immediate end to all discrimination in any housing accommodations financed with federal aid. Executive orders could prohibit any contractor dealing with any federal agency from practicing discrimination in employment by requiring (a) cancellation of existing contracts, (b) and/or barring violators from bidding, (c) and/or calling in of government loans of federal funds extended to violators, (d) and/or requiring renegotiation of payment to exact financial penalties where violations appear after performance of a contract. With such effective penalties, enforcement of fair employment practices would become self-imposed by those enjoying billions of dollars in contracts with federal agencies.

An Executive order could also bring an immediate end to the discriminatory employment policies of federal agencies and departments. It is no secret that, despite statutes to the contrary, Negroes are almost totally excluded from skilled, clerical and supervisory jobs in the federal government. A recent report of the President's Committee on Government Employment states: "That there is discrimination in federal employment is unquestionably true." A basic reason for this is that there have never been any sanctions imposed for violations of the law. In a real sense, a President can eliminate discrimination in federal employment, just as it was eliminated in the military services, by setting up adequately staffed committees with

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authority to punish those who violate official government policy from the inside.

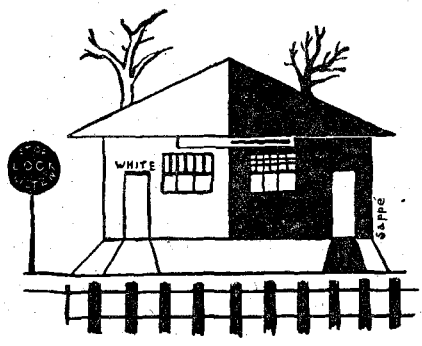
We can easily see how an end to discriminatory practices in federal agencies would have tremendous value in changing attitudes and behavior patterns. If, for instance, the law-enforcement personnel in the FBI were integrated, many persons who now defy federal law might come under restraints from which they are presently free. If other law-enforcement agencies under the Treasury Department, such as the Internal Revenue Service, the Bureau of Narcotics, the Alcohol Tax Unit, the Secret Service and Customs had an adequate number of field agents, investigators and administrators who were Negro, there would be a greater respect for Negroes as well as the assurance that prejudicial behavior in these agencies toward citizens would cease.

ANOTHER area in which an Executive order can bring an end to a considerable amount of discrimination is that of health and hospitalization. Under the Hill-Burton Act, the federal government grants funds to the states for the construction of hospitals. Since this program began in 1948, more than $100 million a year has gone to the states in direct aid. The government also makes grants to the states for mental health, maternal and child-care services, and for programs designed to control tuberculosis, cancer and heart disease. In spite of this sizable federal support, it is a known fact that most of the federally financed and approved health and hospitalization programs in the South are operated on a segregated basis. In many instances, the Southern Negroes are denied access to them altogether.

The President could wipe out these shameful conditions almost overnight by simply ordering his Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare not to approve grants to states whose plans authorize segregation or denial of service on the basis of race. This type of sanction would bring even the most recalcitrant Southerners into line.

There is hardly any area in which Executive leadership is needed more than in housing. Here the Negro confronts the most tragic expression of discrimination; he is consigned to ghettos and overcrowded conditions. And here the North is as guilty as the South.

Unfortunately, the federal government has participated directly and indirectly in the perpetuation of housing discrimination. Through the Federal Housing Administration (FHA), the Public Housing Administration (PHA), Urban Renewal Administration (URA), and the Veterans Administration Loan Program, the federal government makes possible most of the building programs in the United States. Since its creation in 1934, the FHA alone has in-



sured more than $33 billion in mortgages involving millions of homes. As a result of PHA programs, more than two million people presently live in more than 2,000 low-rent housing projects in forty-four states and the District of Columbia. The URA, which was established in 1954 to help cities eliminate slum and blighted areas, has approved projects in more than 877 localities. The GI Bill of Rights authorizes the Veterans Administration to make loans outright to veterans for the construction of homes. This program has become so extensive that there have been years in which 30 per cent of all new urban dwelling units were built with the help of VA loan guarantees.

WHILE most of these housing programs have anti-discrimination clauses, they have done little to end segregated housing. It is a known fact that FHA continues to finance private developers who openly proclaim that none of their homes will be sold to Negroes. The Urban Renewal program has, in many instances, served to accentuate, even to initiate, segregated neighborhoods. (Since a large percentage of the people to be relocated are Negroes, they are more than likely to be relocated in segregated areas.)

A President seriously concerned about this problem could direct the Housing Administrator to require all participants in federal housing programs to agree to a policy of "open occupancy." Such a policy could be enforced by (a) making it mandatory for all violators to be excluded from future participation in federally financed housing programs and (b) by including a provision in each contract giving the government the right to declare the entire mortgage debt due and payable upon breach of the agreement.

These are merely illustrations of acts possible of multiplication in many other fields.

EXECUTIVE policy could reshape the practices and programs of other agencies and departments whose activities affect the welfare of millions. The Department of Health, Education and Welfare could be directed to coordinate its resources to give special aid in those areas of the country where assistance might change local attitudes. The department could give valuable assistance to local school boards without any additional legislative enactments.

The Department of Agriculture—which doubtless considers civil-rights issues as remote from its purview—could fruitfully reappraise its present operations with a view to taking certain steps that require no new legislative powers. The department could be of tremendous assistance to Negro farmers who are now denied credit simply because of their desire to exercise their citizenship rights. To wipe out this kind of discrimination would be to transform the lives of hundreds of thousands of Negroes on the land. A department zealous to implement democratic ideals might become a source of security and help to struggling farmers rather than a symbol of hostility and discrimination on the federal level.

A Justice Department that is imbued with a will to create justice

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has vast potential. The employment of powerful court orders, enforced by sizable numbers of federal marshals, would restrain lawless elements now operating with inexcusable license. It should be remembered that in early American history it was the federal marshal who restored law in frontier communities when local authority broke down.

In the opinion of many authorities Executive power, operating through the Attorney General, opens many hitherto untried avenues for Executive action in the field of school desegregation. There are existing laws under which the Attorney General could go into court and become a force in the current school struggles. Atrophy is not alone a medical phenomenon; it has its counterpart in social and political life. Long years of ignoring this area of law and Executive power have led, indeed, to atrophy; nothing is done, nothing is studied, though new situations arise constantly where existing laws could reasonably be utilized.

SPACE WILL NOT permit a spelling out of all the measures by which every federal body could contribute to the enforcement of civil rights. This is the task of a master plan. Nor is it necessary to detail a legislative program, nor to list still unused powers inherent in the Judiciary. Justices J. Skelley Wright and W. A. Bootle in Louisiana and Georgia respectively have given examples of the ability of a single Federal District Judge to handle the unconstitutional maneuverings of state legislatures.

The purpose of this review is to emphasize that a recognition of the potentials of federal power is a primary necessity if the fight for full racial equality is to be won. With it, however, must go another indispensable factor—the recognition by the government of its moral obligation to solve the problem.

A recent visit to India revealed to me the vast opportunities open to a government determined to end discrimination. When it confronted the problem of centuries-old discrimination against the "untouchables," India began its thinking at a point that we have not yet reached. Prob-

ing its moral responsibilities, it concluded that the country must atone for the immense injustices imposed upon the untouchables. It therefore made provision not alone for equality, but for special treatment to enable the victims of discrimination to leap the gap from backwardness to competence. Thus, millions of rupees are set aside each year to provide scholarships, financial grants and special employment opportunities for the untouchables. To the argument that this is a new form of discrimination inflicted upon the majority population, the Indian people respond by saying that this is their way of atoning for the injustices and indignities heaped in the past upon their 70 million untouchable brothers.

Although discrimination has not yet been eliminated in India, the atmosphere there differs sharply from that in our country. In India, it is a crime punishable by imprisonment to practice discrimination against an untouchable. But even without this coercion, so successfully has the government made the issue a matter of moral and ethical responsibility that no government figure or political leader on any level would dare defend discriminatory practices. One could wish that we here in the United States had reached this level of morality.

TO COORDINATE the widespread activities on the civil rights front, the President should appoint a Secretary of Integration. The appointee should be of the highest qualifications, free from partisan political obligations, imbued with the conviction that the government of the most powerful nation on earth cannot lack the capacity to accomplish the rapid and complete solution to the problem of racial equality.

These proposals for federal action do not obviate the necessity for the people themselves to act, of course. An Administration of good faith can be strengthened immeasurably by determined popular action. This is the great value of the non-violent direct-action movement that has engulfed the South. On the one hand, it gives large numbers of people a method of securing moral ends through moral means. On the other hand, it gives support and stimulation to all those agencies which have the power to bring about meaningful change. Thousands of courageous students, sitting peacefully at lunch counters, can do more to arouse the Administration to positive action than all of the verbal and written commentaries on governmental laxity put together.

WHEN our government determines to ally itself with those of its citizens who are crusading for their freedom within our borders, and lends the might of its resources creatively and unhesitatingly to the struggle, the blight of discrimination will begin rapidly to fade.

History has thrust upon the present Administration an indescribably important destiny—to complete a process of democratization which our nation has taken far too long to develop, but which is our most powerful weapon for earning world respect and emulation. How we deal with this crucial problem of racial discrimination will determine our moral health as individuals, our political health as a nation, our prestige as a leader of the free world. I can think of few better words for the guidance of the new Administration than those which concluded the 1946 report of the President's Commission on Civil Rights: "The United States is not so strong, the final triumph of the democratic ideal not so inevitable that we can ignore what the world thinks of us or our record." These words are even more apt today than on the day they were written.

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WHAT NEXT IN ALGERIA? . . *by Alexander Werth*

Tunis, Jan. 22

TO ARRIVE in Tunis from Algeria is like moving from a world of war into a world of peace, from a world of racial hatred to one of friendly racial coexistence. This "most Western of Arab capitals" (containing a high proportion of Europeans and Jews) is living up to its reputation. I had not been in Tunis for four years. The changes (considering Tunisia's limited financial resources) have been spectacular; the old Casbah, the "citadel of French domination," has been razed to the ground; the Medina—the "native" city—is being modernized by a ruthless process of slum-clearance (and never mind about "Oriental picturesqueness"); the cave-dwellers just outside Tunis have been resettled in new houses of a European pattern; old cemeteries have been turned into parks; a vast new university has been completed (largely to take the place of the Moslem University, where nothing very modern was taught); and the city can now boast of a new fleet of several hundred baby-taxis —the cheapest taxis in the world. Beggars and the swarms of ragged shoe-shine waifs have disappeared from the streets; the waifs have been put in Bourguiba homes, where they are given a vocational training and are known as "Bourguiba's children."

Despite some opposition from the more traditional Moslem elements to the mass of new legislation against polygamy, divorce-by-repudiation (a right reserved for men only, of course), the observance of Ramadan ("insofar as this undermines working efficiency"), or to the new laws secularizing education and authorizing birth-control (complete with birth-control information centers and the open sale of contraceptives), Bourguiba continues to be the great national hero.

Bourguiba's foreign policy is not to be too dependent on any one particular country or group of countries (though his pro-Western slant is unmistakable). Nor is he sympathetic to Islamism or pan-Arabism as such; his relations with Nasser remain strained, and so also have been his relations with Morocco since, as a matter of "supreme principle," he recognized the independence of Mauretania. With the Algerian Nationalist government he remains a moderating influence; he has been urging the Algerians not to appeal for Chinese or Russian help unless absolutely necessary.

BUT WHAT today attracts the political observer to Tunis is less the Bourguiba experiment — or even Bourguiba himself — than the fact that Tunis is now not only the capital of Tunisia but also, as it were, the provisional capital of Algeria or, more precisely, of the Algerian Republic. There are Algerian government offices all over Tunis, besides a substantial Algerian population in the country as a whole, including some 150,000 refugees — mostly women, children and old men. Most of these still live in tents or improvised huts in altogether appalling conditions, though thanks to international help and private charity, there is no actual starvation any more.

During these days in Tunis I have had numerous long talks with prominent representatives of the Algerian government, among them MM. Boumendjel and Yahia, who were the two Algerian emissaries who, last summer, went on their tragically abortive mission to Melun, near Paris, to start peace talks with the French. They were telling me with some bitterness how this first open attempt to negotiate a peace, or at least a cease-fire settlement, had been a bad mistake from the start. The only reason why de Gaulle had invited them to France was that his generals in Algeria had told him that the F.L.N. was, militarily, on its last legs, and was ready to capitulate; when the F.L.N. representatives told the French that the Algerian government had no intention whatever of capitulating and asked, instead, that a meeting be arranged between de Gaulle and Ferhat Abbas, the Algerian Premier, they were put on a plane and sent back to Tunis. It was after that that Ferhat Abbas announced that he no longer had any belief in bilateral talks with the French, and placed his faith in the U.N. and—if all else failed—in "internationalization," which implied massive Russian and Chinese aid to the Algerians.

As if to emphasize once again that, if de Gaulle did not play ball, the Algerians would "bring in the East," Ferhat Abbas went off a few days ago on a two-week visit to Egypt, Indonesia and North Vietnam. Even so, the very important communiqué the Algerian government published on January 16, just before Ferhat Abbas' departure (and after several days' deliberation) clearly showed that the line about bilateral talks with France had now changed. Since de Gaulle's referendum victory in France and what was in effect a serious defeat in Algeria [see "Referendum in Algeria: Defiance of Terror," by Alexander Werth, *The Nation,* Jan. 21], the Algerian government is now willing to resume direct talks with de Gaulle; only it is for him to take the first step. As for the U.N., the Algerian government is not too optimistic about its effectiveness, after what has happened in the Congo.

AMONG the Algerian leaders and other representatives, I found the mood ranging from a very cautious optimism to black pessimism. The pessimists are convinced that the war will go on "for years yet." The "cautious optimists" take the line that although de Gaulle had been thinking in terms of setting up a stooge administration in Algeria when he first embarked on his referendum, the "December events" in Algiers, Oran and Bône and, even more so, the boycott of the referendum by all Moslems who were free to do so, had convinced him that a "Bao Dai" solution was not likely to work. De Gaulle had looked in vain for a "Third Force" in Algeria; no responsible leaders like Farès or Ali Mallem or Amrouche (i.e., rela-

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tively pro-French Algerians not directly associated with the F.L.N.), will now agree — so they say — to head a French-controlled "Algerian executive." And the French stooges like Sid Cara—even if they are willing to serve—will simply be assassinated by F.L.N. gunmen (the Algerians in Tunis make no secret of this). They also think it highly significant that most of the Algerians elected to Parliament in the 1958 election under the "*Algérie française*" slogan should now favor negotiations with the F.L.N.

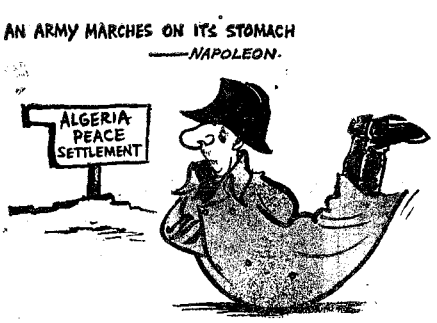
In short, as things are at present, the French (so the Algerians in Tunis maintain) simply cannot trust a vast Moslem administration, most of which would, in any case, be in sympathy with the F.L.N. Therefore, de Gaulle just cannot have an "Algerian Algeria" independently of the F.L.N.; and, on the strength of the referendum results, the F.L.N. claims that it is more than ever the sole authorized representative of the Algerian people—a contention very hard for de Gaulle to challenge.

What then, I asked, should the negotiations be about? The cautious optimists are saying there should be simultaneous negotiations on the cease fire and on the exact conditions in which the self-determination vote is to be taken. They would like the U.N. to supervise the vote, but are aware of de Gaulle's objections to this; so they are even prepared to let the French Army take part in supervising the vote, provided it behaves "strictly neutrally," and does not go beyond maintaining order between the two communities. Altogether, the Algerian government holds that there is a large field on which there is room for compromise: they are prepared to give adequate guarantees to all minorities (especially Europeans and Jews) in the future Algeria; they are not even insisting on the French Army's departing before the self-determination vote—except possibly the "savage" Foreign Legion and the paratroopers; they even hold that the withdrawal of French forces could be spread over a number of years. They are prepared to proclaim an amnesty for all Algerian collaborators (except possibly "war criminals"), to guarantee French interests in respect of the Sahara oil, etc.; in short, they say that there is scope for agreement and compromise on a vast range of subjects. What is more, they (rather convincingly) maintain that *the Algerian government alone has sufficient authority to guarantee that such pledges will be really respected and enforced*. What they are not prepared to consider, however, is partition or any regroupment of populations with partition in view.

It is along these lines that MM. Boumendjel, Yahia and others have talked to me in the last few days. All of them admit that it is in Algeria's interests, as an underdeveloped country, to maintain close economic relations with France; they are not even opposed to France's extending her "economic sphere" to the whole of North Africa, including Morocco and Tunisia. It is significant that the uncompromising statements alleged by the Agence Belga to have been made the other day by Ferhat Abbas in Cairo on his way to Indonesia about "the French Army first having to go" should vigorously have been denied here.

SO MUCH for the relative optimists, who still hope that somebody important from Paris—M. Joxe, the Minister for Algerian Affairs, for instance—will turn up in Tunis one of these days to establish the first official contact between the French and Algerian governments.

But other Algerian representatives are taking a much more pessimistic line. They believe that, under American or possibly American-plus-Russian (Suez model) pressure, de Gaulle might have to yield; but they fear that de Gaulle "has learned nothing from the December events" and will persist in setting up his "temporary institutions" in Algeria in the hope that they may become permanent. Also, they dwell on the "enormous psychological obstacles" in the way of a proper Franco-Algerian reconciliation; the worst of these, they say (apart from all the countless atrocities committed), are the "regroupment camps" into which two million Algerians — mostly women and children — have been herded in the last two years to prevent them from harboring, feeding and giving support to the Algerian guerrillas. Although, they say, there are a few "model camps" for everybody to see, there are over two thousand other camps where Algerian children are "dying like flies." They also say that the French Army is determined to stay on in Algeria so that "no one can start digging up all the corpses." They allege that over a million Algerians, including women and children, have been killed in the course of this war. (On the savagery of certain units of the Foreign Legion I have some evidence with which I shall deal another time.)



Franklin in Toronto Star

The de Gaulle Crawl

In short, the vision of Ferhat Abbas making a triumphal entry into Algiers in 1961—rather in the manner that Bourguiba made his triumphal entry into Tunis on June 1, 1955—seems, somehow, too good to be true. Even the relative optimists in the Algerian government have grave doubts about it.

When I asked President Bourguiba whether he thought the Algerian war would end in 1961, he shrugged his shoulders and said the problem was "maturing"; that both the international situation and the situation inside France were favoring a settlement *through negotiation*, but that there were still forces pulling the other way.

Bourguiba, as already said, is strongly opposed to the Algerian government's appealing to China or Russia for help, except as a last resort; until lately, he was giving de Gaulle the benefit of the doubt, though today he seems much less certain about de Gaulle's real intentions. His hope that M. Joxe would arrive in Tunis almost immediately after the referendum has

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proved an idle hope so far. If de Gaulle delays talks with the F.L.N., in Bourguiba's view the immediate result can only be an intensification of terrorism inside Algeria. The bombing at Tizi-Ouzou and other places this weekend, with dozens of European casualties, is highly significant in this context.

Bourguiba's biggest hope at the moment is President Kennedy. He is sending his son, Habib Bourguiba, Jr. as Ambassador to Washington; and the story most widely current in Tunis is that Mr. Kennedy recently said that he would look upon Bourguiba, Jr. (and, indirectly, Bourguiba himself) as "his principal adviser on that Algerian problem — which we *must* get out of the way this year."

THE POLEMICS of FLUORIDATION . . *Donald R. McNeil*

A DECADE has passed since the U.S. Public Health Service and the American Dental Association endorsed the principle of water fluoridation, and in the succeeding ten years, no public controversy has provoked more invective, exaggerations and outright misstatements of fact than the proposal to reduce dental decay up to 65 per cent by adding one part per million fluoride to a community's water supply.

Ten years ago, scientists saw the horizons of public health suddenly and dramatically pushed outward. Mankind's most widespread affliction, dental decay, was about to be brought under control. The optimism was premature. Instead of sweeping the country and becoming a standard ingredient of the 16,000 public water supplies in the nation, fluoridation has limped slowly forward, with less than 10 per cent of the nation now committed to it. In recent years, the anti-fluoridation forces have increased in strength and, using the popular referendum as their major weapon, have won more battles than they have lost.

The continuing success of the anti-fluoridationists raises several questions regarding the role of science, the scientists and public-health agencies in a democracy. It demonstrates the power of a small, volatile minority which directs its appeal to the emotions of a community. And it poses the question whether community leaders and the medical and dental professions have met their obligations in combating the arguments which are being used to cheat future generations of sound, decayless teeth.

The history of the rise to pre-eminence of the opposition is a frustrating story. In 1945, the U.S. Public Health Service initiated an experiment in Grand Rapids, Michigan, to test the hypothesis that one part per million fluoride added to a communal water supply would reduce the incidence of dental caries (decay) by as much as 65 per cent in children — a staggering accomplishment in view of the fact that an estimated 97 per cent of the American population suffer from bad teeth in one form or another. The cost was estimated at ten cents per person per year.

The Grand Rapids experiment was scheduled to run ten years, but Wisconsin, meanwhile, began agitating for immediate fluoridation of all water supplies. Wisconsin officials waged a two-pronged attack. On the one hand, they campaigned to obtain the endorsement of the national dental, medical and public-health organizations, and on the other they sought to convince every community in the state to begin fluoridating without delay. By 1950, when the U.S. Public Health Service and the American Dental Association approved fluoridation, Wisconsin had fifty communities fluoridating — three times as many as in all other states combined.

In the five years Wisconsin waged the fight alone, it encountered every single argument still being used today. Yet, because in most cases its dental, medical and public-health leaders then worked quietly through the city councils, the controversy was held to a minimum. It is significant that in Wisconsin's first knockdown, drag-out battle at the ballot box in Stevens Point in 1950, the state's officials suffered their first stunning setback.

Beginning in 1951, there was a sudden rush to fluoridation. In 1951, 225 communities adopted the measure; in 1952, 347 more. Prospects for universal fluoridation seemed bright. But by 1953 the opponents had mobilized, and although there has been a gradual increase in the number of people drinking fluoridated water, the movement has lost momentum. The heterogeneous opposition has coalesced on one important point — getting the measure on the ballot. Since then, they have had more than their share of victories.

THERE ARE several thousand anti-fluoridation combatants in the United States, many of whom spend vast amounts of money, time and energy in their war. There is a *National Anti-Fluoridation News* published in Detroit, a National Anti-Fluoridation Committee established in Washington, D.C., and there are several physicians and dentists who roam the country presenting their "expert" views wherever the measure is on the ballot. There is also a sizable number of lay citizens who grind out reams of material quoting the so-called "experts," and send it to the anti-fluoridation committees established to defeat the measure in referenda.

On November 8, last year, fifty communities throughout the country voted on the question; only five, with a total population of 40,000, voted in favor, while forty-five, with a total population of more than a million, were opposed.

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In any community faced with deciding by vote whether to have fluoridated water, citizens can expect a tough campaign. The front for the opposition organization usually is composed of intelligent, conservative, well-meaning physicians and dentists who, after fifteen years of testing, are still waiting for more evidence. Beside them in the battle are intelligent, conservative, well-meaning laymen who listen and quote the advice of their professional advisers. Uniting with these two groups are the Christian Scientists, who see fluoridation as "mass medication" and consequently a violation of their religious beliefs and Constitutional rights, and many health-food enthusiasts. Beyond these four groups there are other elements: "natural scientists" (who for years have been fighting compulsory vaccination, pasteurization and the use of aluminum cookingware); lay pamphleteers who channel the public's interest into tidy profits; anti-Semitic agitators — Gerald L. K. Smith is a prime example—who exploit the opportunity to tie their hate campaigns into a popular controversy, and erstwhile McCarthyites who claim fluoridation is a Communist conspiracy to produce "moronic, atheistic slaves."

The ensuing confusion on the part of the citizenry can be easily understood. The problem is a local one; it involves every member of the community in a personal sense; and many of the antis use emotionalism, prejudice, fabrication, distorted statistics and character assassination. The wild charges slowly and slyly are intertwined with conservative fact and honest caution. The result, more often than not, means defeat for fluoridation.

THE SIGNIFICANCE of the fluoridation fight goes far beyond the importance of improving the teeth of our children. It raises three basic questions regarding the nature of our democracy in the modern age.

Science is taking giant strides in every direction. We are conquering space, providing tremendous technological advances, eliminating diseases, and improving our understanding of the nature of the universe. Yet always in this democracy, science and the scientist, in the last analysis, are subject to the political control of the people.

For example, if the people so decided, we could abandon our probes into outer space, we could halt the flow of moneys to medical research, and we could discontinue our study of the atom. But in making the decisions, the people ought, of course, to use the tools of the scientist—evidence, fact, data, reason, objectivity.

So it is with fluoridation. The people — either in town meeting, council convened, or at the ballot box — have the right to decide the issue. But if the measure is to be decided this way, then both those for and against fluoridation should discuss and argue the case on its merits, not on the wildly distorted claims of uninformed laymen and stubborn, egocentric professional men. It should be fought on the scientist's battleground.

Furthermore, there is the problem of how much factual information a lay citizen can absorb in this modern era. Science leaps ahead at an astounding rate. Scientists themselves carve out special niches in their field and become specialists in a single area; a metallurgical chemist, for example, will be the first one to hesitate in giving an opinion on a professional subject outside his narrow field of study. The ordinary citizen finds it impossible to master the intricacies of the scientific investigations made on any one subject.

It comes down to a question of whether the people retain faith in their scientific experts. But granting the people the right to challenge their experts does not open the door to untruths. And with water fluoridation, no matter what the antis claim, there is not one shred of evidence that it is harmful ("Rat Poison in Your Drinking Water," with skull and crossbones, is the way opponents often present fluoridation in large red and black posters). Moreover, citizens in several hundred communities drank naturally fluoridated water for many years before scientists discovered its efficacy and began adding it in controlled optimum amounts. Still, exaggerated claims and perverted statements and statistics are being used with devastating effectiveness by the antis.

THE SECOND problem raised by the vehement fluoridation campaigns is the latent power of an organized, militant minority willing to resort to the big lie, to distort facts, to lift statements out of context, and to twist the truth to its own ends. Witness this all-encompassing, not-so-laughable statement: Fluoridation is "unpleasant, unnecessary, unscriptural, unnatural, unscientific, unconstitutional, unlicensed, unlawful, unprofitable, unhealthful, unjustifiable, and unpardonable." Add the charges that fluorides slowly perform lobotomies of the brain, that the Russians use fluorides to keep their millions enslaved, that fluoridation is part of the Jewish plot to take over the world, and one wonders why members of the opposition aren't laughed out of court.

But they are not. In many cases the vocal minority succeeds in scaring away citizens who refuse to become involved in a scurrilous, violent campaign. The antis are masters of confusion and obfuscation. They argue that where there is smoke (usually of their own making), there must be fire. They hide behind the Constitution (although the U.S. Supreme Court and five state Supreme Courts have in effect declared fluoridation Constitutional). They plead caution and conservatism to the honestly doubtful and they are quick to plunge the needle of prejudice into a sensitive nerve.

The third question raised by the fluoridation controversy is to what extent professional men should concern themselves in combating the forces arrayed against a measure approved by practically every national scientific, engineering and educational organization in the country. Citizens usually look to their local physicians and dentists for leadership, but in too many cases they find either a staggering indifference or an extreme reluctance to throw themselves into the political arena. Too often the dentists and physicians are content to "supply information," and let their lay friends bear the brunt of the battle.

This ivory tower attitude stems

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in part from the decision of the American Dental Association and the American Medical Association to stop short of decisive action. In the beginning, the ADA regarded fluoridation fights as a good public relations method of injecting the local dentist into the life of his community. But after a few vicious fights, the national organization withdrew. The policy now is to "educate," to provide information and to let the lay leaders mix it up with the fluoridation opponents. The number of times fluoridation has won at the polls is almost in direct proportion to the times that local dentists and physicians have taken a personal part in the campaign, that they have taken the time and trouble to bury the half-truths, exaggerations and bold-faced lies of the antis under an avalanche of smashing statistics and facts.

Certainly the people have a right to vote on fluoridation, but professional men and women aided, and sometimes led, by intelligent lay leaders have the responsibility to fight the innuendoes, answer the untruths and, still within the boundaries of dignity and good taste, bring the campaign out of the wilderness of emotionalism to the civilized world of calm reason, intelligent appraisal and sensible conclusion.

Health Care for the Aged (Progress Report) . . *Gerald Krefetz*

THE ISSUE of health insurance for the aged promises an early test for the Kennedy Administration. Both the National Conference on Aging and a new White House special task force on health recommended that medical insurance for the aged be financed through a Social Security tax. But resistance still flourishes, led by the American Medical Association, insurance companies, *The Wall Street Journal,* et al.

Two years ago President Eisenhower called for a nation-wide assembly to discuss the problems of geriatrics. The conference met in Washington January 9-12. Mr. Eisenhower addressed the group. Although he avoided stating his position on medical care, most of his listeners were aware that he was dead set against using the Social Security apparatus for the purpose. "I have been against compulsory insurance as a very definite step in socialized medicine," he has said.

Consequently, the conference was a disappointment to Eisenhower when it finally recommended medical care for the aged under the Social Security system. Nor, one imagines, was the then President overjoyed when two previous members of his Administration also endorsed this approach: Marion B. Folsom, former Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, and Charles I. Schottland, former Social Security Administrator.

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The last Congress passed a belated health measure that smelled of political expediency. Goaded by election-year considerations, the Republicans defeated a Kennedy-Anderson proposal that was based on Social Security, and enacted instead a program authorizing the national government to extend matching funds to states willing to participate. Under this law, 2,400,000 persons already receiving some form of state old-age assistance benefit by an additional $12 monthly, and an additional million individuals, not state beneficiaries, were expected to receive federal medical assistance. The estimated cost of the program was $200 million a year.

Though the legislation was signed on October 1, 1960, only a half-dozen states, at last count, have so far decided to participate. Many states are reluctant or incapable of providing the necessary funds. But even if every state cooperated, the vast majority of the 16 million Americans sixty-five or over would still be unprotected, since the Eisenhower measure is based on a "needs" test. The needs test, which amounts to a secular vow of poverty, is such a demeaning requirement, psychologically, that it could not have been better calculated to dissuade the public from availing itself of the help offered.

THOUGH thirty-three nations furnish medical care for the elderly on a national basis, up to last summer the United States did not. Whether we can now claim to have joined their number seems dubious.

Last year the Senate Subcommittee on Problems of the Aged and Aging, led by Senator Pat McNamara (D., Mich.), revealed some startling figures gathered from the *Statistical Abstract of the U. S.* America, dedicated to youth and riches, was rapidly becoming older—and definitely poorer. Already 8.7 per cent of the population was over sixty-five, compared to only 4 per cent at the beginning of the century. By 1975, probably one American in ten will be over sixty-five. So much for what medicine has done to check the death rate. (Ironically—perhaps significantly—the medical profession does not consider geriatrics as a medical specialty.)

What our senior citizens live on makes for grim reading. Their median income is about $966; only 15 per cent have incomes over $2,000, 4 per cent over $5,000 and less than 1 per cent $10,000 or more. Naturally, the type of medical protection these wages afford is something less than minimal. Nevertheless, two sociologists, J. W. Wiggins and H. Schoeck of Emory University, concluded last summer that the elderly are able and willing to finance their own medical care and emphatically did not want federal "interference." This report was widely touted by Dr. Leonard W. Larson, president-elect of the AMA, and by *The Wall Street Journal.* But the co-organizer and nine of the sixteen members of the Wiggins-Schoeck project sensed

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that the report had passed the point of credulity and withdrew their support of it.

Senator McNamara's subcommittee report effectively discredits the Wiggins-Schoeck findings. More than one-third of the aged have no "nest egg or liquid assets" of any kind. While 40 per cent of those over sixty-five have some form of hospital insurance, the coverage is usually rather limited and benefits are invariably inadequate for prolonged or serious illness (after which the ordinary commercial policy is often voided). Cooperative health plans are better than commercial insurance in some of these respects, but after sixty-five eligibility is limited and the continual rise in premiums (about 5 per cent a year) tends to make the cost prohibitive. The result: Only 21 per cent of the elderly with incomes of $1,200 or less (a category which constitutes a majority of all the aged) have any hospital insurance at all.

Moreover, the real threat to the aged—one that neither commercial nor the group type of insurance adequately compensates—is the high cost of drugs and the increased need for medical, dental and nursing care.

THE RELUCTANCE of the Eisenhower Administration to approve any form of medical care stemmed from the pious hope that commercial insurance companies would fill the need. Indeed, for a while the rapid growth of major medical insurance, since its inception in 1949, offered some promise. Hospital insurance is still growing quickly; at the end of 1960, 132 million persons were covered in some fashion. For obvious actuarial reasons the aged are still uncovered (and to some degrees uncoverable) by commercial insurance at rates they can afford. Though a recent study enumerated some 1,200 organizations in the health-insurance field, only 288 of them have provisions for persons sixty-five years of age or over.

The need for federal action is now clear to both Democrats and Republicans. Clear too is the morally degrading effects of, and the lack of state enthusiasm for, Eisenhower's stop-gap legislation of last summer—not to speak of its insufficient coverage. Whether the New Frontier will succeed in passing any new legislation is still problematic, despite the recommendations of the Conference on Aging and the special task force under Wilber Cohen of Michigan University.

The plan advanced by the task force envisages the coverage of 14.5 million persons (eligibility would be sixty-five for men and sixty-two for women) for the following benefits: in-patient hospital services, out-patient diagnostic services and nursing and home health services. Both this plan and the Kennedy-Anderson proposal, which failed of passage last summer, call for financing through an increase of the Social Security tax by half a percentage point, to be equally split between employer and employee. Anticipating the thunder on the Right, the task force went out of its way to state that "there would be no supervision or control over the practice of medicine," and "in no way will any . . . provisions [of the recommended legislation] socialize medical care."

The AMA, of course, remains unimpressed by the task-force report, even though it in no way proposes to alter doctor-patient relationships, to affect choice of physicians or to subsidize the general practioner with government funds. But logic has never been the forte of the AMA. Having earlier rejected outright every attempt to legislate medical care for the aged, the organization now sees the inept and unworkable Eisenhower legislation as a "historic milestone" which "in the opinion of the overwhelming majority of the physicians of America . . . is an excellent law which can and will work and deserves every opportunity to do so."

Individually, physicians are more sympathetic to the problems of the elderly than they are collectively. (A recent poll published by *Medical Economics*—the most widely read medical journal—indicated that physicians were more troubled by "socialistic trends in the United States" than by any other problem.) Slightly more sophisticated medical thinking recognizes the dilemma of the aged, but insists that any solution "should have the respect of those whom it will affect." Presumably, the 16 million elderly will not respect health insurance to which they contribute during their working years through Social Security, but would respect doles and old-age assistance programs based on a needs test.

CONSERVATIVES generally, as well as insurance companies, continue to oppose the Social Security plan. If the government steps in for the aged, what's to prevent it from expanding its activities—say to provide medical care for everyone? *The Wall Street Journal* warns that "each step on the welfare road can be considered 'logical' only if we are prepared to go the whole journey." There is, of course, no easy answer to this argument. But it does seem odd that insurance companies do not welcome government insurance for the elderly, which delivers them from an onerous, unprofitable task.

A program under Social Security can be reckoned as neither excessively expensive nor economically unsound. The task force estimated that its program would cost about $270 million—only $70 million more than Eisenhower was willing to spend on his grant-in-aids to the states.

The Forand Bill [see "Health Insurance for the Aged: Which Bill Is Best?" by Leo J. Linder, *The Nation*, May 28, 1960], a Social Security plan very similar to the Kennedy-Anderson measure, the proposals of the Conference on Aging, and the recommendations of the task force all had rough sledding last year in the House Ways and Means Committee. After four months of heated hearings, the Forand measure was shelved by a 2 to 1 vote. The Senate subcommittee on Problems of the Aged and Aging likewise has only one McNamara to every two Dirksens and Goldwaters.

The Democratic platform pledges: "We shall provide medical care benefits for the aged as part of the time-tested Social Security insurance system. We reject any proposal which would require such citizens to submit to the indignity of a means test —a 'pauper's oath.'" Will the new President be able to redeem this pledge?

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Beyond Logic

THE ORPHIC VOICE. Poetry and Natural History. By Elizabeth Sewell. Yale University Press. 463 pp. $7.50.

George Steiner

AT RARE intervals there appear books whose intrinsic weight or singularity of vision seems to draw them down into a well of silence. Reviewers fail to deal with them at all or pass over them with perfunctory uneasiness. Yet such books have in them a force of life that will not be denied. They make their way, as if below ground, exercising a spell and influence which are the more lasting for being oblique. Before too long that part of the inner landscape to which the book addresses itself will have been subtly altered. And looking back, the reader asks himself: how could critics and reviewers have failed to grasp the importance of the work when it first appeared?

This has been the case with Robert Graves's *The White Goddess*, that riddling and whimsical grammar of inspiration. Working beneath the skin, it has exasperated our awareness into a new vision of how poetry comes into being. Even its detractors must take it into acrimonious account. This will be the case also with Elizabeth Sewell's *The Orphic Voice*. It is a difficult, maddening book, yet acts upon the imagination with undeniable power.

Like *The White Goddess*, it is a book by a poet for poets. But anyone concerned with language, with the nature of imagination and myth, indeed with the essential proceedings of thought and organic life, will ignore it at his peril. Being itself a kind of sustained argumentative poetry, *The Orphic Voice* exacts from the reader constancy of attention and a willingness to be guided into a world whose perspectives are novel and often out of focus with those of our habitual sight. For, no less than Orpheus descending into darkness, Miss Sewell is trying to cross the bounds which we ordinarily prescribe between poetry and science, between myth and fact, between mind and body.

The initial difficulty is one of definition. Like Adam in the garden, Miss Sewell is giving new names to the shapes which inhabit our imaginative lives. The key term is that notoriously complex word "myth": for Miss Sewell, myth is "the activity between mind and language whereby the mind invents new models and methods to understand new things." Mythology is not merely classic fable: it is the inclusive configuration of understanding and action whereby the human intellect, via the miraculous bridge of language, reaches and commands reality. Orpheus, in his threefold performance, as the poet who subdues animate nature, whose poetic powers overcome the gates of death, and who is finally torn to pieces by the Maenads, represents and enacts the role of poetry in the world. It is "the poetic and metaphoric powers of language operating on the mind" that make possible the contact between the life of thought and the life of organic being.

ORPHEUS casting the spell of music over rocks, trees and wild beasts embodies Miss Sewell's primary argument: the relationship of poetry to our apprehension of the mineral, vegetable and animal world. Her entire book is a plea for a mode of understanding ("an inclusive mythology") in which poetry and natural science will be recognized as interacting parts of a larger unity. She would have us reject the antitheses that have ruled the Western intellectual tradition over the past three hundred years: "the antitheses on which all this thinking and activity is grounded, science and poetry, analysis and synthesis, mathematics and words, are not antithesis at all. Science cannot be set against poetry because they are structurally similar activities. . . . Mathematics cannot be set against words because each is an instrument for myth in the mind." In both, the act of discovery "is a mythological situation in which the mind unites with a figure of its own devising as a means toward understanding the world."

It is biology with which Miss Sewell is most nearly concerned. Biology "needs poetry rather than mathematics or language-as-science to think with." Only poetry, language in a condition of myth-creating metaphor, can devise an instrument suitable to the elements of "change, process, organisms, and life" with which biology must deal. Living things can be dealt with in their organic relationships only "by means of words," and it is the task of poetry to give to words the necessary scope and power. Man himself, moreover, is incarnate in the miracle of language. It is his instrument and mode of being. Man is, as Goethe says in a cryptic, beautiful aphorism, the "first speech that Nature holds with God."

THE MAJOR portion of *The Orphic Voice* is a study of those poets, philosophers and natural scientists whose conception of poetry and thought belongs in the tradition of organic totality that Miss Sewell is seeking to revive. The list is entrancing: Bacon, Shakespeare, Erasmus Darwin, Vico, Linnaeus, Goethe, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Herder, Shelley, Victor Hugo, Renan, Emerson and Rilke. In each, Miss Sewell follows up, with an erudition at once formidable and pixyish, the references to Orpheus. Where Orpheus appears, the doctrine of the unity of poetry and science and the belief in the truth-discovering function of myth soon follow. Thus we see set against the dominant tradition of Cartesian rationalism a covert lineage of great minds endeavoring to establish that all-embracing image of reality which Bacon called *Novum Organum*, which Vico designated as *Scienza nuova*, and Mallarmé described simply as *"Le Livre . . . l'explication orphique de la terre."*

If it contained nothing but this part of literary and historical criticism, this chronicle of a specific vision, *The Orphic Voice* would be invaluable. Miss Sewell is an admirable reader. Her quotations from Bacon show that he was indeed the poet Coleridge and Shelley discerned in him. Her treatment of Erasmus Darwin, the rhapsodist of broccoli, is a sheer delight, and no more glowing reading has ever been offered of the meditations on consciousness and vitalism in Wordsworth's *Prelude*. Continually, Miss Sewell arrests one by seeing with a kind of cunning simplicity what one should have seen long ago. She observes, for example, that under "Bottom" the *Oxford English Dictionary* cites Ralegh: "he received from Ariadne a bottom of thread." She goes on: "It is interesting that the word 'bottom' should have a peculiar right of entry into the story of Theseus and Ariadne." In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Theseus is a leading personage and Ariadne is referred to: "Is Bottom the weaver

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GEORGE STEINER, a free-lance writer, is the author of Tolstoy or Dostoevsky (*Knopf*). *His* The Death of Tragedy (*Knopf*) *will be published in March.*

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the 'clew' to this play?" asks Miss Sewell, punning in a profoundly illuminating way on the technical meaning, bottom=clew on which to wind thread.

A book of a poet moving among Orphic poetry. But more also. It is a philosophic argument toward an inclusive, plastic, organic world view, conjoining poetry and biology in a mythology of life. Through such conjunction (a word crucial both to the life process and to grammar), we arrive at what Miss Sewell calls "postlogic"—"a way of using mind and body to build up dynamic structures (never fixed or abstract patterns) by which the human organism sets itself in relation to the universe and allows each side to interpret the other."

Although there are elements of a similar vision in Whitehead, Polanyi, Jung, Aldous Huxley and Teilhard de Chardin, Miss Sewell is going boldly against the present tide. Our sciences are divided from one another in modest minuteness. Our humanities seek refuge in the historical or linguistic fact. On the rim of her argument flash the unsteady marsh lights of mysticism. And it is a grave failing in this book that Miss Sewell gives no precise example of "postlogic" at work, either in some sphere of contemporary science or in the vital matter of political conduct.

But nevertheless, *The Orphic Voice* will be heard. As one lays down the book, the intricate argument and the evidence offered by Miss Sewell's own poems, begin resounding inside one like remembered music. It is a great work.

The Man Who Lives Myth

CAN THESE BONES LIVE. By Edward Dahlberg. Preface by Sir Herbert Read. New Directions. 179 pp. $4.75.

Paul Carroll

IN A literary scene hag-ridden by famous alexandrine critics and their drones, and by four-square, no-nonsense authors, the books of Edward Dahlberg have, these past twenty-five years, been an embarrassing anomaly. They are earmarked by genius, obviously, but skeletons best kept in the closet and away from the classroom, writers' workshops, and fat-cat literary prizes. Even when critics admire Dahlberg, they frequently work more harm than good. They praise Dahlberg's prose for being vatic or Elizabethan and thus, by suggesting that his style is archaic and literary, damn the work and scare readers away. This attitude only obfuscates what Dahlberg really is: our only mythological poet.

When it comes to myth, everybody gets into the act — from the academic parlor game of "pin-the-appropriate-myth-on-the-tail-of-the-contemporary-experience" to the adoption of Moloch and the Lotus of Buddah by the Beat. Even so, Dahlberg pleases nobody. He does not *use* myth; he lives it. Myth is as natural to Dahlberg's sensibility as air, earth, water and fire. He has never forgotten, God help him, why Adam said, "I was naked: and I hid."

Can These Bones Live is a beautiful, disturbing example. This book of critical essays (first published in 1941; now made available again by New Directions, and in a handsome, revised edition with brooding drawings by James Kearns) is the best antibiotic I know for both the tidy-judicious and the wild-and-woolly uses of myth that plague us.

The eight essays center upon one brutal intuition: American literature is the Domesday Book of a people who have abnegated their humanity. Most of the book discusses the classical American authors, from Poe to Randolph Bourne, that Thersites of our political conscience; but the key to the intuition is found in the section, "The Cross and the Windmills," a brilliant playing-off of Jesus the Bride against Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. American literature, as Dahlberg argues, is one long, insane epithalamium to the Puritan Christ — the Logos stripped of skin, bone, hair, anus, guts and genitals. Quixote and Sancho, on the other hand, for all their absurdity, chaos and failure of communion, are the true image of what it means to be human: spirit and bone.

It took an Englishman, D. H. Lawrence, to show us what the classics of our literature were all about. And like Lawrence, Dahlberg delineates the Puritan nightmare, its incest, paranoia, homosexuality, violence and masochism. But Dahlberg brings the nightmare up to date. In Hemingway, Faulkner and the proletarian novelists, he finds only the other side of a bad coin. Either they write merely of "the kidney, the prostate gland and the intestinal tract," or they describe no more than the drama of Bread. These new classics resurrect the body the Puritans tried to bury; but, lost in flesh, their ignorance and denial of spirit make Dahlberg rage.

Dahlberg's thesis is hardly original, and may suffer a bit from being too univocal. But that is not the point. *Can These Bones Live* is a vision, and the ingredients of visions are never "original," as the Greek tragic poets and the medieval mystics show. In fact, the less original they are, the better. A great vision is the embodying — in the facts of one's life, or in history, or, as here, in the books of a people — of a myth given existence and sanction by human use.

Can These Bones Live reveals Whitman, for example, as "the pioneer Cosmos, before him nothing," Poe "the Adamic Evil," Moby Dick "the allegory of the disincarnate Ahab seeking after his own flesh"; and at the other end of time, the Whore of Babylon is Henry Adams' Machine "that has taken us far underground, where we wander over flowerless and treeless plains of macadam." Here is a vision embodied: a reliving of the myth of Genesis, the Fall, and Apocalypse. Smack in the center of the vision stands the fantastic, human, miraculous figure whom cripped American literature has never produced: the whole man, Don Quixote with "windmills in the brain," and Sancho, all good belly and groin.

DAHLBERG'S vision ends in a psychotic labyrinth. Two possible exits—salvation through the love of woman or fulfillment in the state — are revealed as only frustrating, fake paths back into the labyrinth of man's failure to realize his humanity. Prime examples of our sexual sickness are found in Shakespeare and Dostoevsky. Then Dahlberg blocks the exit for good with a passage from Tolstoy: "Man survives earthquakes epidemics, the horrors of disease, and all the agonies of the soul, but for all time his most tormenting tragedy has been, is, and will be — the tragedy of the bedroom." The myth of the State as Father is worse. Dahlberg sees any state — Hitler's Germany, Stalin's Russia, Franklin D. Roosevelt's United States — as a modern embodiment of man's old craving for a god, superstition, blood sacrifice, annihilation. *Can These Bones Live* ends then in a lamentation for the human condition. Dahlberg's vision is the vision of tragic poetry.

In Edward Dahlberg we have a classic on our own back porch. But one reads him at one's peril. His books ask nothing less than Cardinal Newman's motto: *cor ad cor loquitor*, "heart speaketh to heart."

PAUL CARROLL is editor of Big Table, *in recent issues of which have appeared several chapters from Edward Dahlberg's forthcoming autobiography,* Because I Was Flesh (*New Directions*).

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The Quixotic Crusade

HENRY A. WALLACE: Quixotic Crusade 1948. By Karl M. Schmidt. Syracuse University Press. 362 pp. $5.50.

Peter Bachrach

ALL BUT the most tough-minded liberals should leave this book alone, for the memory of Henry Wallace's third party episode is extremely painful. Especially is this true for those who recently cast their ballot for the Democratic candidate with full realization that their man, although a shade superior to his Republican opponent, was hellbent on accelerating the arms race. If liberals had little choice in 1960, did they have a significantly greater one in the 1948 election when the alternative was between Truman, who stood squarely behind the containment policy, and Wallace, the candidate of a pathetic and isolated group of left-wingers? Perhaps the lesson to be drawn from the two periods is that liberals have no real choice, nor can they engage in effective political action as long as the nation is gripped by cold war. But Karl Schmidt, Associate Professor of Political Science at Syracuse University, would, I believe, reject this conclusion as being unduly pessimistic.

Henry A. Wallace: Quixotic Crusade 1948 is a discerning and scholarly study of the rise and fall of the Progressive Party. It begins with an analysis of the schism within the Democratic Party which in 1944 led to the rejection of Wallace as Roosevelt's running mate on the Democratic ticket. Although Wallace was by-passed for a more acceptable figure, he significantly had the support of four key groups: New Deal intellectuals, top CIO officers, Negro leaders and a small group of professional politicians. In addition, he was supported by the Communist Party. If Wallace could have held his liberal supporters during the course of the next few years, the people, as Henry Wallace so deeply wished, would have had a choice in the election of 1948. In actuality, however, once the Progressive Party was launched, liberal support rapidly evaporated, leaving only the Communist Party fully intact and firmly behind Wallace's campaign. Although the Communists eventually dominated the third party, Professor Schmidt points out that at no time during the formative period of the party's activities did the Communists attain a leading position. They were fully involved from the outset, but the evidence does not bear out the "reasoning" of the press and the ADA: "Communist presence, hence Communist control." Schmidt's central thesis is that if the liberals had been less absorbed with the Communist issue and more with formulating an alternative to Truman's foreign policy, the Communists at no point would have had an opportunity to control the new party. In Rexford Tugwell's words: "If there had been a flood of Progressives [to the party]—energetic, determined, dedicated—where would the Communists, about whom we hear so much, have been? . . . The reason Communist workers were so prominent to the Wallace campaign was that the Progressives were . . . sitting it out; wringing their hands, and wailing." In addition to the natural timidity of liberals, the press, according to the author, had no small hand in keeping moderates out of the party. The emphasis of the press on the prowess of the Communists "became the bogey that had a greater influence on the destiny of the Progressive Party than did the actual presence of the Communist Party members."

PROFESSOR SCHMIDT sympathizes with the "Quixotic Crusader," but he is by no means uncritical. Wallace's deeply religious, idealistic traits are fully brought out, but as the subtitle suggests, his naïveté and overwhelming soft-headedness are also made clear. Wallace was completely in character, for example, in his refusal to disavow Communist support. Such an act of intolerance, he observed, would have violated his "fundamental integrity."

Although Schmidt admires the moral stature of Wallace, he does wonder whether the party would have fared better if it had disavowed both Communist support and red-baiting. I doubt whether this would have made a substantial difference. Even if Wallace had been a hard-headed politician and had kept the Communists out, the large majority of trade union and liberal leaders still would not have joined. The real fact is that they were not in basic disagreement with Truman's foreign policy. Certainly the ADA was not, nor was Philip Murray, Sidney Hillman or their colleagues. The Communist bogey was undeniably a stumbling block to the success of the third party, but more basic was the lack of widespread dissent on issues of peace and war.

The *idea* of a third party founded upon a fundamental departure in foreign policy in a Tocquevillian America in the midst of a cold war was, if not lunatic, at best, quixotic. A third party, dissenting sharply on foreign policy, can survive as a significant force only when the distinction between dissent and treason is widely understood. This distinction obviously was not understood in 1948, nor is it now.

PETER BACHRACH, author of Problems in Freedom, *teaches political science at Bryn Mawr College.*

Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

Silver Jubilee

ON JULY 30, 1936, Penguin Books offered its first ten titles at sixpence each. Those ten have increased to 3,200, with about 1,200 in print, and well over 13 million copies sold in 1959. *Penguins Progress 1935-1960* (Penguin, 85c) celebrates with good reason. Penguin is the bellwether of the paperbacks, and the current *Paperbound Books in Print* lists 11,000 titles in nearly 200 series which sell a million copies a day.

Penguin began purely as a reprint series for recent work—Hemingway, Maurois and Dorothy Sayers were among the inaugural authors—but within a year Allen Lane, the founder, published the first of a distinguished series of Originals, G. D. H. Cole's *Practical Economics;* then in 1937, the first Special, *Germany Puts the Clock Back.* Afterward came color-illustrated King Penguins, reference books, Puffins for children, classics, music scores, modern painters, four periodicals including forty fruitful numbers of *Penguin New Writing,* an illustrated series on Buildings of England and the lavish hardbound *Pelican History of Art.* The biggest splash by Penguin came in 1946, with the simultaneous release of a million copies of G. B. Shaw, 100,000 each of ten titles.

PENGUIN has proved out in this way the feasibility of nearly every type of paperback published in English and has carried on with a unique combination of enterprise, imagination, decorum and literary morality. Thus, fresh new translations have flourished under many imprints because E. V. Rieu's *Odyssey,* Dorothy Sayers' *Divine Comedy,* Nevill Coghill's *Canterbury Tales* and David Magarshack's Dostoevsky had a properly contemporary voice. The influence has been equally good on recent work

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in English, though copyright restrictions obscure it in this country.

In the production and design of Penguins Hans Schmoller's work is brilliant and unobtrusive. Typography is legible, appropriate and beautiful. Series designed for permanence use flexible, opaque paper which allows them to open well. Few pocket-size series are as well made, though most American covers are sturdier. Stiff, conventional book stock has made some of our full-size octavos crack at the spine but, as examples, Dover, Grove (Evergreen), Noonday and some university presses, notably Michigan, have consistently applied good design in "quality" series. Princeton and others use paper covers for second or third printings of isolated titles, as with Northrop Frye's exceptionally handsome *Fearful Symmetry*.

Many buyers pass up paperbacks like Frye's, which sells at $2.95. They forget what costs are involved. Discounts, royalty payments and promotion commonly take up to 60 per cent of the retail price, and the publisher is left with something like $1.35 out of $2.95 for editing, production and overhead. This leaves slim pickings indeed, and long press runs help very little once they pass 10,000. The fact is that paperbacks are almost incredible bargains.

Many titles on newsstands are as ephemeral as magazines, but Penguin keeps 1,200 titles in print. These are the company's bread and butter. They also represent a staggering commitment equivalent to keeping each book in print for a decade. For each book there has been a new decision, and here are ten decisions a month for ten years by which the company lives or dies. This takes faith, judgment and enterprise, and it deserves all the honors done Sir Allen Lane, his associates at Penguin and their competitors.

Criticism

Art and Technics by Lewis Mumford (Columbia, $1.25). Eloquently argues the primacy of a personalized, humanizing art over technics; the core of Mr. Mumford's thought in the Bampton Lectures of 1951.

Literature and Revolution by Leon Trotsky (Michigan, $1.85). A history, criticism and rationale of literature before and shortly after the October Revolution; a scintillating mixture of scorn, perception, humanity and dogma. The chapter on "Communist Policy Toward Art" is specially helpful in explaining alternate freezes and thaws.

Some Versions of Pastoral (sometimes *English Pastoral Poetry*) by William Empson (New Directions, $1.35). Searching investigation of primitive symbol and myth surviving in covert layers of meaning in proletarian literature, *Paradise Lost* and other work not normally classed as pastoral.

Also: *Albert Camus and the Literature of Revolt* by John Cruikshank (Oxford, $1.50), with Cruikshank's Tribute before the Institut Français, London, January 19, 1960. *James Joyce and the Making of Ulysses* by Frank Budgen (Indiana, $1.95), combining memoir and analysis. *T. S. Eliot's Poetry and Plays: A Study in Sources and Meaning* by Grover Smith (Chicago, $2.45), with a new chapter on *The Elder Statesman*.

Theatre

Seven Plays by Michel de Ghelderode, introduction by George Hauger (Hill & Wang, $1.95). Not for an evening's relaxation, but stimulating and sometimes shocking; the prefatory "Ostend Interviews" clarified Ghelderode's concept of the artist in society.

Chekhov the Dramatist by David Magarshack (Hill & Wang, $1.45). Close analysis of Chekhov's plays and his techniques, offering reinterpretations directed chiefly at producers and actors.

The Poet in the Theatre by Ronald Peacock (Hill & Wang, $1.45). Essays on poetic form and matter in drama, chiefly from Grillparzer and Hebbel to Eliot but omitting Lorca and the French; new chapters on Goethe and Büchner.

Also: *4 Modern French Comedies*, introduction by Wallace Fowlie (Capricorn, $1.35; cloth, $2.50). *Brand* (Anchor, 95c) and *When We Dead Awaken and Three Other Plays* by Henrik Ibsen (Anchor, $1.45), new translations by Michael Meyer. *Seven Plays* by August Strindberg (Bantam, 75c) and *Five Plays of Strindberg* (Anchor, $1.45), new translations of eleven titles spanning thirty years.

Miscellaneous

What Is Cybernetics? by G. T. Guilbaud (Evergreen, $1.45). Lucid, authoritative, non-mathematical treatment of control systems, signals and messages and other features of this new "crossroads" of the sciences and technology.

Minds and Machines by W. Sluckin (Penguin, 95c). Explores definitions of feedback and thinking for the layman with little technical knowledge and describes several machines capable of some activities described as thinking.

History of the Islamic Peoples by Carl Brockelmann (Putnam, $1.95). Sound, readable, most comprehensive account in paper covers, with helpful

Karl Jaspers

The Future of Mankind

HANS J. MORGENTHAU has said of this book: "This is indeed a work of major importance. It is, as far as I know, the only systematic attempt to integrate the fact of atomic power into a philosophic system, providing an over-all view of the human condition, and to draw radical philosophic, moral and political conclusions from that fact. This is indeed a formidable undertaking, and the achievement is most impressive." $5.95

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On The INNER LIMIT of CAPITALISM

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maps and apparatus; supplement covers 1939-1947.

The Arabs in History by Bernard Lewis (Harper, $1.35). Able, convenient short history including establishment of the United Arab Republic, 1958.

The Sicilian Vespers: A History of the Mediterranean World in the Later Thirteenth Century by Steven Runciman (Penguin, $1.45). A superb narrative of the intrigues and wars aimed at subjecting Constantinople and the Eastern Empire to Angevin Charles I and the Eastern Church to the Pope; the evening slaughter of Charles's supporters in Palermo set off the disasters which thwarted both hopes.

Fiction Package

Chin P'ing Mei: The Adventurous History of Hsi Men and His Six Wives (Capricorn, $2.45). *Adventures in the Skin Trade* by Dylan Thomas (Signet, 50c). *A Single Pebble* by John Hersey (Bantam, 35c). *Hawaii* by James Michener (Bantam, 95c). *The History of Mr. Polly* (Riverside, $1.25) and *Tono-Bungay* by H. G. Wells (Signet, 50c). *Erewhon* by Samuel Butler (Signet, 50c). *Mistress Masham's Repose* by T. H. White (Capricorn, $1.35). *McTeague* by Frank Norris (Premier, 50c).

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>
> SINCERELY,
>
> PRESIDENT-ELECT AND MRS. KENNEDY

I was awakened at dawn, Monday, January 16, 1961, when this command was delivered, as it was to some 140 other artists, musicians, writers, scientists, educators and theologians, including Igor Stravinsky, Roger Sessions, Arthur Miller, Samuel Barber, Mark Rothko, Franz Kline, Tennessee Williams, Paul Tillich, Reinhold Niebuhr, John Steinbeck, John Hersey, Robert Lowell. Hemingway couldn't make it; Stravinsky was in Hollywood. Auden called me; he always knows in advance who gets what. The railroad strike was threatening to spread to the Pennsylvania. I asked him if he wanted to go under any conditions. He said this was not an invitation but a command; if they had made the effort, we should. If we couldn't get alternate bus or plane transportation, we would drive. Snow had been promised a year ahead, in the *Farmer's Almanac*. We would leave at 6 A.M.

The last time we had had to drive together was in May, 1944. He had, as my sergeant described him, the stimulated rank of major, and was in Munich to interrogate Pastor Niemüller as to whether the German people minded more being bombed by the Americans or the British. Today, we took a train. In Georgetown, the street where we were going was cut off by television trucks and cops. Mr. Kennedy was visiting a friend, Mr. William Walton, a young painter (some years earlier, he quit as a foreign correspondent of *Time* from chagrin at the editing of his copy) who had done much to organize the campaign in New York. It was beginning to snow, and hard. Tickets had to be picked up from Miss Kay Halle, a beautiful and distinguished Democratic lady who has long lived in Washington. She it was who, a month earlier, had the original notion of inviting the intellectuals to the inauguration, but it had taken until now to reach the proper echelons of party organization. The euphoric telegrams were issued by a local impresario, Mr. Robert Richman, who, from his business of arranging lecture dates for intellectuals, knew one and all.

Mr. John Hersey looked a bit dashed when he picked up his tickets for the concert and found that they cost $50. It was lucky he had fifty bucks on him; he and his wife had driven down in the storm, leaving a new baby with a babysitter. With the concert tickets (benefit of the Democratic National Committee's deficit), one drew excellent grandstand seats for the inaugural parade, and a pale blue, square lapel-card which guaranteed "Preferred Standing Room" for the inauguration ceremony itself. There was a bit of confusion about the inaugural ball. Replicas of the official engraved invitation had been issued to loyal party workers in some numbers; these, thinking no ill, assumed they had been given bona fide invitations and responded in hordes. So there was not one but five separate and distinct inaugural balls for the Kennedys to attend.

The Walter Lippmanns decided that, since the artists, scientists and theologians had been asked, it would be nice if somebody did something about them in a human way; so on short notice, in the midst of a busy life, they threw an extremely pleasant cocktail party with warm fires and warm drink. People arrived in bursts. Washington was beginning to be demoralized by the conjunction of snow and inauguration; few had snow tires or chains; traffic was congealing. Mrs. Steinbeck said she was going to *everything;* to hell with the snow. Steinbeck looked sleek and purring. Arthur Miller towered benignly over all. He had made, at a book and author luncheon a few days before in New York, some nice noises about

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN is General Director of the New York City Ballet.

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the invitation to the intellectuals. "It seems we will now be looking at, or at least glancing towards, our poets, writers and men-of-the-mind for more than a laugh." However, he was not sent an invitation. It eventually arrived through the intercession of Cartier-Bresson, the photographer. Miller talked about the weather. "When *All My Sons* opened in Boston, it had snowed two days before. I wasn't known then. On the opening night, the theatre was about a quarter full. But the box office guys told me we were in."

TIME to prepare for the concert. Everyone had been told to be there by 8:15, or they would not be seated. We started from Georgetown with chains on, at 7:15. The traffic was almost impenetrable, but profiting from the knowledge of Washington's streets possessed by John Thacher, director of Dumbarton Oaks, we made a U-turn under the K Street viaduct and escaped onto the parkway. The snow was almost too heavy to drive. Five blocks from Constitution Hall the battery of the station wagon conked out; we walked. The décor was good for D. W. Griffith's *Way Down East*. Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy had not been able to get transportation from Georgetown; at the last moment the President-elect called the White House. A limousine was sent. The Kennedys arrived ahead of everyone, around 8. Howard Mitchell, conductor of the National Symphony, arrived a few minutes later; it was reported they chatted gaily until the concert, naturally delayed, started. Mr. Mitchell told Mrs. Kennedy it took eighty-five years to make a musician (conductor?). And then maybe not everyone. Constitution Hall, a vast hideous barn which seats some 3,400 persons, was innocent of bunting, flowers or any trace of gala welcoming. Maybe 340 persons were in the hall when we got into our seats.

When the Kennedys entered the hall, to sit alone at the far left of the stage, everyone rose and tried to make up in enthusiasm what they lacked in numbers. Mrs. Kennedy appeared a princess in a magnificent white dress (Oleg Cassini) with long sleeves. With them was Mr. Walton. A little off sat a security officer, but the three young people seemed vulnerable and detached. The Howard University choir, which was to share the honors with the Georgetown University Choir, never arrived. Neither did Mischa Elman, who was to have played the Vivaldi *Concerto in G Minor*. The strings and woodwinds had suffered casualties from the storm. Still and all, the concert proper began with a *pièce d'occasion;* Mr. John La Montaine had made it, or rather, had it made, with his overture, *From Sea to Shining Sea,* a piece of alarming mediocrity whose thematic materials, if any, were based on *America the Beautiful*. Then Mr. Mitchell, not himself among the first rank of American conductors, led half the chorus in a horrendous rendition of Randall Thompson's grisly *Testament of Freedom,* a work not in the first category of American compositions. At that very moment, at the Frank Sinatra-Peter Lawford Hollywood Ratpack Gala to raise real dough for the Democratic deficit, Leonard Bernstein, a first-rate American conductor, was conducting a first-rate American composition: John Philip Sousa's *Stars and Stripes Forever*.

The New York Times reported next day that when someone asked Kennedy if he was "excited," he replied: "No. Interested." During the concert, the President-elect appeared interested, but since the four parts of *Testament of Freedom* seemed to last four hours, it must have been tough. "And *who* is William Walton?" asked Auden, during the intermission. "Any relation to Willie?" Sir William (Willie) Walton had written *Facade* in his youth for Edith Sitwell, and the march, *Crown Imperial,* for the coronation of Elizabeth II. No relation. "The least they could have done was to ask Stravinsky to write a twelve-tone Fanfare; his late pieces are so nice and short." No Stravinsky, and no Aaron Copland, or Virgil Thomson, or Roger Sessions, or Sam Barber or Charles Ives. Just John La Montaine and Randall, the wrong T. The Kennedys left for the gala; by now the hall was almost a third full and everyone rose and applauded. Few remained to hear Mr. Howard Mitchell render the fantasy-overture *Romeo and Juliet* (Tchaikovsky), or Mr. Earl Wild's well-worn overhauling of *The Rhapsody in Blue* (Gershwin).

We managed to corrupt a Virginia taxi, operating unlawfully in Washington; it took two and a half hours to arrive in Georgetown. During the journey Roger Sessions talked dispassionately about official art. It's not that, in itself, it is wicked; it all depends upon the officials commanding; one can get Giotto, Palestrina, the Place de la Concorde. Mrs. Kennedy had said she was going to redecorate the White House and every abstract-expressionist in America had had palpitations. Subsequently however, and here one felt a historical analyst at work, it seemed that she had decided, since the house was largely eighteenth century in concept and nineteenth century in style, that it would be best to keep the public rooms as they were.

SNOW sifted in fat drifts. Toward dawn it stopped. I caught a bus at Wisconsin Avenue in at attempt to trace the abandoned station wagon. The day was diamond-studded, crystalline: the sun of Wagram and of Austerlitz.

On the bus, into Washington city, sixteen white policemen and a very black Negro one. "Hey, Chalky; come over here, Chalky; you been up all night, Chalky." Complete integration. The station wagon seemed to have been hauled off by the police. At the Union Terminal, where I went to ask for news about the Pennsylvania strike and to secure transportation home, a distinguished young Negro with a powerful profile stood just ahead in the line. The ticket seller said evenly and kindly: "Sir, I cannot sell you a Pullman, only a ticket. The reason I cannot sell you any Pullman space is because there is none left. I hope you believe me." Sidney Poitier, who had come down for the Sinatra gala, replied: "Yes, I believe you."

The small square card entitling intellectuals to Preferred Standing Room (House Side) worked like magic. I found myself, with a bottle of brandy, in the midst of a vast clutter of convent students with their priests. The

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teen-agers said they bet Jackie would wear the same robin's-egg blue wool coat she wore for the christening. One girl, with a mirror periscope, said: "This is like old history days, like Herodotus." "Like Thuycidides, dope," said her girl friend. For a few seconds there seemed to be a danger of panic—some boys smashed their way through the dense crowd as if they were being chased. Finally, one could see the central stands fill and the ceremony began.

Those who watched the inaugural ceremony on television had a much clearer idea of what went on than most of us in the crowd in front of the National Capitol. They saw the Diplomatic Corps form in the rotunda, the Justices gather, and Mr. Kennedy scratch Ike's back when he couldn't reach where it itched. A cab driver had said that Jack had completely won the old General over: "No one had told me what a fine young chap Jack is." But, standing in the crowd, what one did see was intensely impressive; what one heard was mightily moving. The dignity of the event was on the level of its importance to the world. "There was nothing common done nor mean / Upon that memorable scene." Mr. Kennedy has the public magic of inbred but detached authority; when was it last seen in America on such a scale of physical attraction? Not since the Duke of Windsor was Prince of Wales; or better, as Joseph Alsop said, not since the first Roosevelt, whom the new President resembles in physique and philosophy.

THE inaugural ceremony is essentially a religious one. Richard Cardinal Cushing, led off the prayers. He did go on a bit, but reflect, fellow citizens, that Cushing is the Bishop of Boston, Mr. Kennedy's home town and that he is neither Francis Cardinal Spellman, who is also a Bostonian, nor Fulton J. Sheen. Archbishop Iakovos, of the Greek Orthodox Church of North and South America, prayed most beautifully in the slight trace of accent; Byzantine richness and brevity. Marian Anderson sang two verses of *The Star-Spangled Banner*. Her lapidary diction made the verse sound like poetry; her mahogany voice was never strained.

Robert Frost tried to deliver some doggerel, grateful and decent, but doggerel. However, Apollo, Sun God and Leader of the Muses, shone his great disk full in the bard's face; bade him desist. But when Frost turned to poetry and spoke the good words he had written, the god smiled, hid his awful rays and our American laureate declaimed with steady resonance. The Monday following the inauguration, Frost told the President: "Be more Irish than Harvard. Poetry and power is the formula for another Augustan age, and don't be afraid of power."

The Rev. Dr. John Barclay, Pastor of the Central Christian Church, Austin, Texas, in the heart of Lady Bird land, sounded a bit dim in the company of the dynastic descent from Rome and Byzantium. Rabbi Nelson Glueck, President of the Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati, added to his calm benediction the actual Hebrew words: *Adanoi Elocheinu, Adanoi Echod*. Kennedy may be a "bad" Catholic but he had one more piece of luck on his inaugural. He drew the fire of the American Primate on the Parochial School issue. Standing among convent students, one imagined Kennedy knows what prayer is about, what extreme danger and illness are, physical and moral, and the consolations of faith in something greater than self. Anyone who heard him say, from the steps of the Capitol, "I do not shrink from this responsibility — I welcome it," prayed for him. The crowd responded to his statement as if following a teacher. When was the last time one thought: I would do anything this man asked me to do?

Then the parade. The concert tickets entitled me to a seat directly opposite the White House. Walking back fast from the Capitol, since there were no cabs, I arrived just as the first motorcycle police squadrons swept by. My only friend there seemed to be Henry Allen Moe, the sage and generous Director of the Guggenheim Foundation, whose help to artists, poets, scientists and theologians over the long years, has certainly staffed the New Frontier. Alfred Barr, Director of Collections of the Museum of Modern Art, and a passionate bird watcher, had the fortune to see a female cardinal perch on the stands above his head. He reported this two days later in Fort Worth, where we were inaugurating the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art; a Texas lady, a trace high said: "Those Kennedys will stop at *nothin'*." True story.

There was a splendid spectacle of the Service Academies in full battalions and, most appealing, the Virginia Military Institute in their early nineteenth-century uniforms with gray-red-and-white capes. Mr. Kennedy appeared with his tall father, now out of seclusion for the first time, in the big Presidential box just 100 feet across the street. The Philippine house servants attached to the White House staff mess, run by the Navy, gave everyone hot tea. Mrs. Kennedy, changed into gray, stayed for a bit and left. Lyndon Johnson enthusiastically greeted the most charming sight in the parade: a buck-skinned Texan riding a buffalo; the beast had snow in its beard, curvetted about like a kitten, and knelt to Kennedy.

NO: the concert wasn't much, but doubtless as good in the ears of God as music at the Coolidge, Harding or Truman inaugurals. And what would we have got from Dick and Pat? Listen: we wouldn't have been there. So after the PT boat float, and all of the President's plumper buddies had disappeared past the old State, War and Navy buildings, darkness came down. All along the block of stands, one heard, as the President of the United States turned to enter the White House: "Good night, Jack," "Good night, Jack." "Jack, good night."

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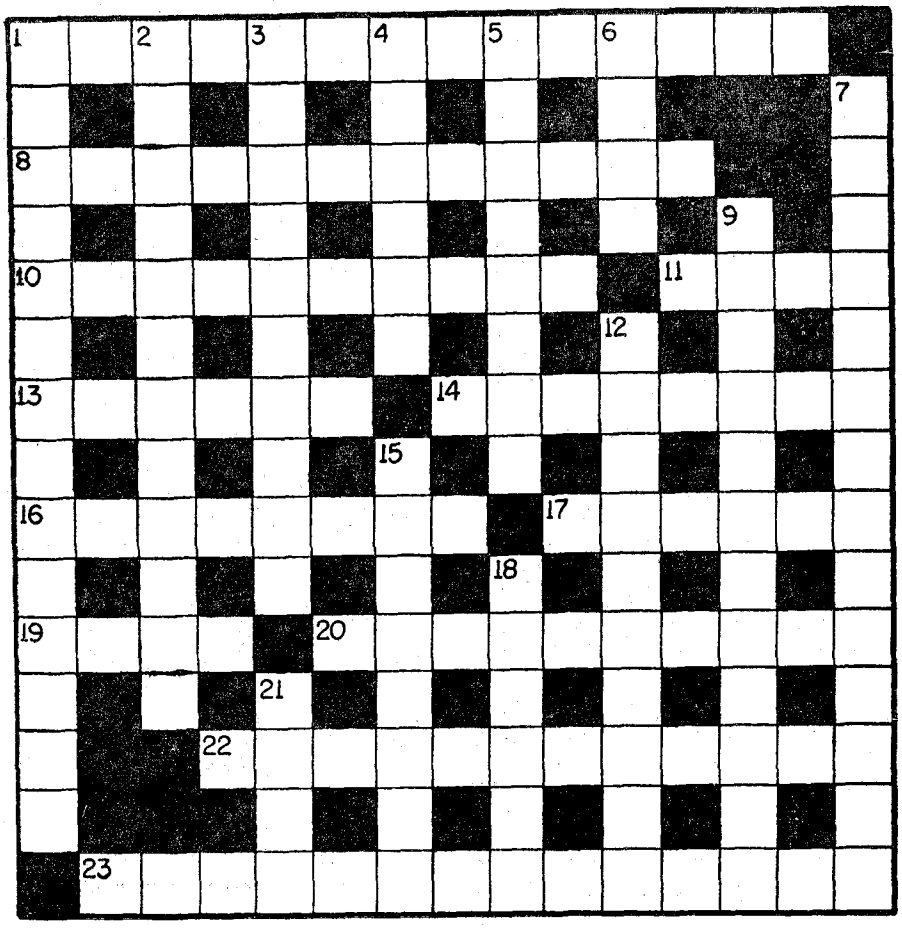
Crossword Puzzle No. 901

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 They might run the galley (while learning to cast the lead, perhaps.) (8, 6)

8 Spirit controls in one state or another. (6, 6)

10 Plans a sort of a sort of a sort. (10)

11 One might read the meter carefully to do so. (4)

13 Combines bonds or ranges. (6)

14 Is one not qualified for air transport? (8)

16 What to do with a sleeping dog, or a mendacious one? (3, 2, 3)

17 Perpendicular position. (6)

19 What 14 probably never did for the blood of France. (4)

20 A minute part of the opus might be associated with fatigue. (4, 6)

22 What they sometimes do to old ships and older officers? (12)

23 Does it involve matching letters? (14)

DOWN:

1 The one of any magazine early last November—or merely one of the things it called to attention? (9, 5)

2 One may no longer have to spend forty days here. (2, 10)

3 Hounds that marked the night of Sheherazade just before the last. (10)

4 The highwayman's road was one of moonlight to Noyes. (6)

5 To help up the old man and his boy should sound swell! (8)

6 Hindu scripture. (4)

7 Offset the remainder of the chips, perhaps? (14)

9 Room for this and a comic, too? (12)

12 The air of drill? (10)

15 Burns' mouse was this, in short. (8)

18 At an acute angle. (6)

21 This, Sir, might be the opening of 23! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 900

ACROSS: 1 Tweaks; 4 and 32 Speaking likeness; 10 Organon; 11 and 24 Glaring mistake; 13 and 16 Waylay; 14 Twill; 15 Nasal; 17 and 28 Assembly lines; 21 Polyglot; 23 Roman; 26 Obeys; 28 Lea; 29 Lasso; 30 Britten; 31 Ensnare; 33 Aspect. DOWN: 1 Trombone; 2 Engines; 5 and 12 Piggy banks; 6 Apart; 7 Initial; 8 Gaggle; 9 Snowball; 18 Satiated; 19 and 3 Markings; 20 Indolent; 22 Obelisk; 25 Corbel; 27 Satin; 29 Lists.

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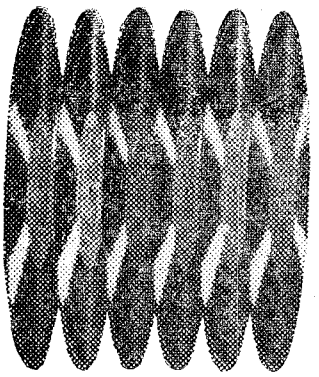

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602 KLAUS EGGE: Symphony No. 3, Louisville Symphony. ROY HARRIS. "Kentucky Spring."

604 WILLIAM SCHUMAN: Judith, A Choreographic Poem. GIAN-FRANCESCO MALIPIERO: Piano Concerto No. 3 (Benjamin Owen, Soloist).

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